



BY

ALEXANDER MacFADYEN

JUNE

7½

DAYBREAK

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WHY I LOVE YOU

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HIGH VOICE

LOW VOICE

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

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I've sometimes thought it was your eyes,
Sometimes your voice bade my indifferent heart arise
And make its choice.
I've counted over all your ways, my sweet, my mate,
And wondered which the separate grace that holds my fate,
Vain task, I love you, dearest one, for all you are,
The charms of Heav'n hangs not up on a single star.

Dedicated to John Barnes Wells

Why I love you

Poem anonymous

ALEXANDER MAC FADYEN

Moderato *p* *cresc.*

I've some-times thought it was your eyes, Some-times your

voice bade my in-dif-ferent heart a - rise And make its

choice. I've count-ed o-ver all your

f cresc. *poco accel.* *poco cresc.*

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, rall. e dolc. *poco rall.*

ways, My sweet, my mate, And won-dered which the sep-'rate

rall. e dolc. *poco rall.*

grace that holds my fate, Vain task, I love you, dear-est

molto allargando

one, for all you are, The charm of Heav'n hangs not up on a

molto allargando

sin-gle star. —

poco cresc. *dim. e rall.* *ppp morando*